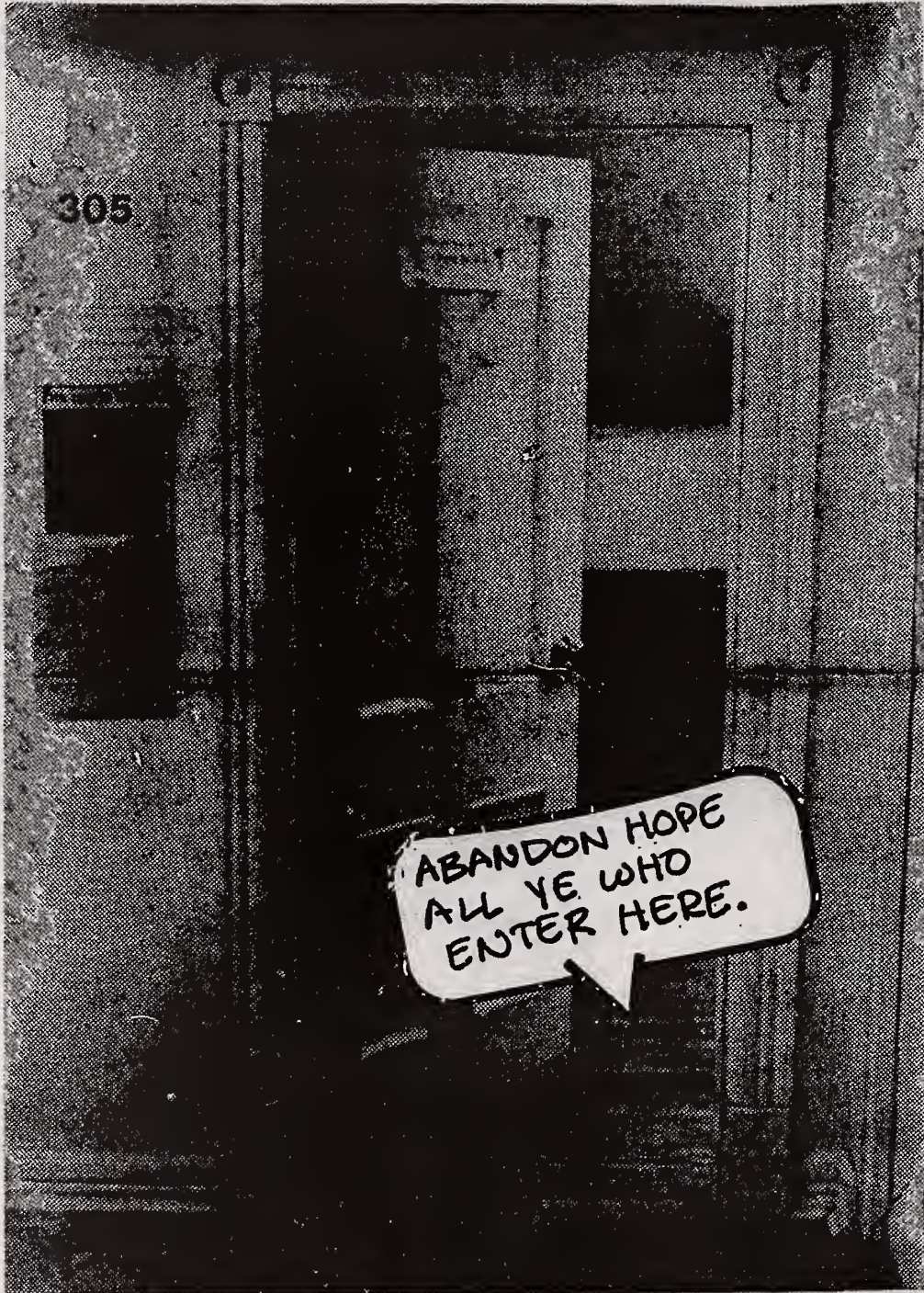
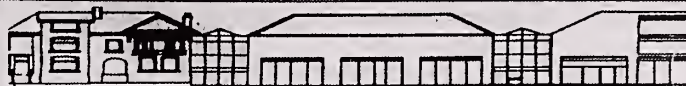


Innis Herald
'92-'93
Mar. 1993
Volume 27
Issue 3

The Innis Herald



March 1993



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Walker Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1A5.



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by Joanne Feld

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Sincerely,
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As for the service, the staff are the kindest women in the city - fast, accommodating and efficient -- even a friendly "enjoy your meal" accompanies your food.

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1. the absence of the funky music of the past is a downer, especially since it is rumoured that they now play CHUM FM once in a while
2. the water glasses are too small - one sip and you're back for a refill

So there it is, my debut article as a journalist - and as a published restaurant critic. Watch out Joanne Kates, there's a new Joanne on the block.

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Simon's National "Back on Campus" tour is coming to University of Toronto's Hart House Theatre, Thursday March 25 at 8:00 p.m. The show is being taped for television and is sponsored by Q107 and Jos Louis (Simon's favourite food). For those of you who missed coming to see Simon at Yuk Yuk's during Orientation or on Back Campus on U of T Day, you may recognize his name from Much Music, CBC or Global Comedy Specials, or as

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On March 25th we can all say Welcome Back Cotter. Tickets are available at SAC Dome or the Hart House Box Office.

Innis News -----

Scandal!!!

Interpol Everywhere!
Special to the *Herald*!

Friends, the evil of the diabolically enterprising Interpol cannot be restrained. The Extra-Jugular Fusion 3X 6000 was only the beginning. Informers say that Beatrice (of Registrar's Office fame) has been a paid member of Interpol for the past five years and she is, how can we phrase this, dipping her fingers into the main computer and adjusting marks like a crazed lunatic with no sense of decency. But the worst is yet to come, my unsuspecting school chums. A reliable source has squealed to this reporter, revealing that our own John Brown, seemingly innocent principal of Innis College, is none other

than Hugo, Master of a Thousand Faces, turned Interpol agent. How, my disquieted rabble, can we compete? Will Interpol never stop? Will their hired spies never cease to walk the hallways, seeking out helpless victims and juicy graffiti? When pushed to comment on the energy-sucking device discovered last month, Sandy Oh, known Interpol liaison (aka Mr. "O"), laughed menacingly and sneered, "It's true!" When pushed to comment further, he quietly refused, explaining, "I know I'm going to say something stupid..."

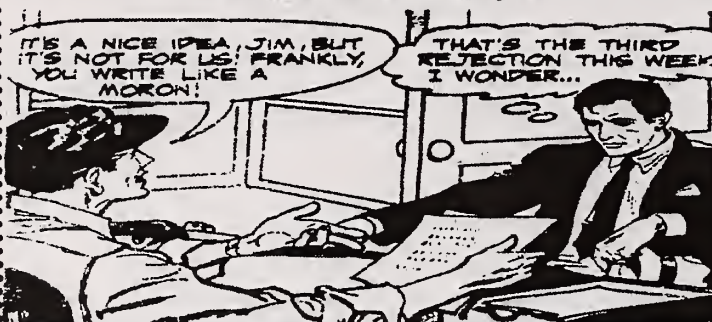
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A quote from our prez...

"I defy common sense better than anyone else I know."

-Sandy Oh, ICSS President

Writers!



Hey! We're already working on an Orientation Issue! Since you guys have been so pathetic in your response to the last plea for articles, we won't ask you to bust your buns writing for us during exam time. So there will be no April Issue.

BUT, if you think about it, summertime is the perfect time to write great articles for the *Innis Herald*! The Orientation Issue is geared specifically at our naive and unsuspecting frosh, so go wild! You can get the chance to corrupt young minds, or to introduce them to how life really is on campus! Do it!

WRITE FOR THE HERALD!!!! Hand submissions to: room 127, Innis College, or room 305 (West wing), or mail to: The Innis Herald 2 Sussex /I/ave, Toronto, ON M5S 1J5

CINEMA

WHAT IS CINEMA? PROCECTICA HERIC
MAX UNDERCAMERACROCLAMFREDY
CINEMA VERTEZOOM PANAMPEMETRO
DISCOURSE JEANLUCCO DARDOWEBEN
INNSFILM NORFRITZ LANGHOWARDHU
COBBASTEPWYNECCOCHERLUNSALE
AUTEURISAARTAREYSTENHAGOFVESLU
DOUGLASSIRKSCINCEPOTONCLC
VLADIMIRPROPEASTMANCOLODAR
EMPTYBIGNIFFERMOTHERSAMUELPU
JOHNNYSUTARIBTHOFANATIONISTA
GREGGOTOLANDFLAIRBLACKDAGLERS
DGGAVERTOMMANGUESTEDURASMA
VOYEUREMPFREDRICOFELLINCLAUD
ORSONWELLESPIYCHOLOGEORDEMBL
DRIVERLUDOLPHARNHEIMBALLETRMC
MACKERRNEITZAVETANTODORCHVJEAN
CINELIFASINA DORANDOSWBAJAMES
JEANLOUISCOMOLLIACESSUYELACH
OBSESSIONSCOPOPHILIAMBEENEC
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HENRILANGCHRESTIVALOPRESTIVA
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RTWYKOHATATRAMBOCHANTALAKES
ABOUTDISCUFFLESERNARCHESMAN
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VSEVOLODPODOVONANDRETAZNM
NORRATUHOLLYWOODUGHENEMAN
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STOCKLACKANDWHITINGCLODECR
METZANTONONROLANDOBARTHEAN

A T U

THE CINSSU EYE MARCH

21 Malcolm X (Lee, 92) 7:30 ^b Christopher Strong (Azzur, 33) 8:00 ^a	22 Seville & The South (Sears, 92) 8:45 ^a	23 The Affairs of Love (Charvati, 90) 6:30 ^a Mean Streets (Scorsese, 73) 7:00 ^a Moonlighting (Skolimowski, 82) 8:45 ^b	24 Taxi Driver (Scorsese, 76) 7:00 ^a	25 Aranda (Aranda, 89) 6:30 ^a Dream of Light (Erica, 92) 6:30 ^a Shorts by Connor/ Conrad & Baillie 7:00 ¹	26 Ran (Kurosawa) 7:00 TH CINSSU FREE	27 Benny's Video (Hamrick, 92) 6:30 ^a
28 Red Lieutenant (Ferrari, 92) 4:00/9:00 ^a	29 Deathwatch (Tavernier, 80) 7:00 ^a	30 Le Nait De Veronnes (Scola, 83) 7:00 ^a	31			

TH - Innis Town Hall (All CINSSU screenings held in Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave., N. of Robarts Library)

^a Cinemascope, Jackson Hall, Art Gallery of Ontario, 317 Dundas W

¹ Innis Film Society, Innis Town Hall (except March 11 - Cinecycle 317 Spadina Ave.)

² NFB - John Spotton Cinema, 150 John Street (S. of Queen)

³ Ebor Cinema, 506 Ebor St. W.

⁴ Review Cinema, 400 Roscarvalles Ave (3 blocks South of Dundas West subway)



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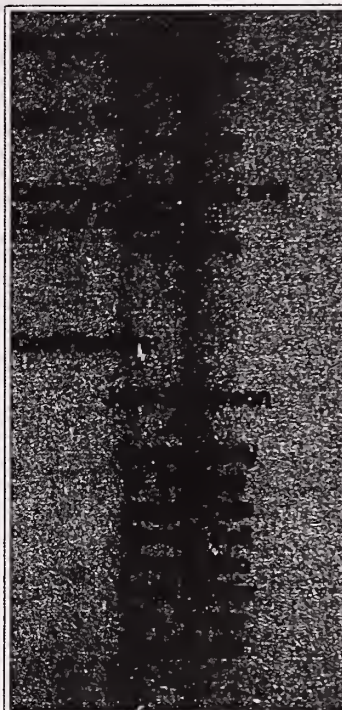
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Random Thoughts

Vehicles, Vegetarians, and Virtues Continued

By John Anderson

In his article last issue, Philip Howard argues that the use of the car is a greater threat to the environment than the consumption of meat. He says that "a pure vegetable diet is not a reasonable expectation for human populations". Well, most people in Asia get on fine with no animal products in their diets. It is possible to survive on plants alone, although, admittedly, more difficult in western society than in Asia because here there are so many products connected in some way with animals (I don't know about Africa). But that's really no excuse. And I think

that it is a "reasonable expectation", because if every person in the world adopted a meat-based diet, there is no way the current population could be sustained (remember that while lots of people are starving the population is still growing). Compare this with the fact that the world's population could be sustained many times over on a vegetarian diet.

Phil says that it is "not possible to remove all direct and indirect animal products from today's society". How cynical of you, Phil! Not only is it possible if we all want to do it, it is absolutely essential. Because animals are higher up in the food chain than plants, it is less efficient to breed and eat them than it is to eat plants. Three and a quarter acres of

land are required to support someone on a standard meat-based diet, and half an acre is required to support someone on a vegetarian diet. 15.8 pounds of grain and soy are required for each pound of beef. 2500 gallons of water are needed to produce a pound of meat, while only 25 gallons of water are needed to produce a pound of wheat. The main cause of the destruction of the rainforest is the clearing of grazing space for cattle. And get this: in 1989, 40% of the world's grain harvest was fed to animals going to slaughter. If that grain had been fed to people instead, there would have been enough to feed everyone. And yes, grain contains protein. All of our nutritional requirements can be met through plants, and

anyway, red meat contains too much protein, too much fat, and no fibre. The consumption of fish is healthier, but the huge driftnets of commercial fishing wreak havoc on the very delicate ocean ecosystem.

These infobites (taken from Consolidated and the Toronto Vegetarian Handbook) do not really convey the reality of pain, stress, fear, abuse, and of course death, experienced by animals killed for food.

Phil is right in saying that both cars and the consumption of meat are part of the self-serving capitalist Dethkultur. But I hope that this article has made it clear that in trying to justify the meat habit, abstaining from automobiles is not enough.

Sorry About the Swear Word, Mom

by Carolyn Fell

Here I sit in the *Herald* office at 4:00 am, trying to think of something to write about. My mind seems to be a complete blank. I'm having this weird case of writers block that I just can't seem to get over. It started about two weeks ago when I had two essays due on the same day. Try as I might, I just couldn't think of anything to write about. I mean, sure I had the topic, but I couldn't think of anything beyond that.

In case you were wondering why I am at the

Herald office at this dingy hour it is because I couldn't sleep so I decided to come in and work on the layout. Unfortunately, the computer seems to have gone totally wonky and won't let me cut and paste the files claiming that it doesn't have enough memory. It's a computer dammit! How could it not have enough memory? Ahh, if only for Data's posttronic brain! Since I am too chicken to walk to Ash's until first light, I am forced to sit here and write my promised article for this issue.

I was supposed to write an article on Harold Innis, but

I couldn't seem to get the words right. He was an incredible man. Intrinsic to Canada's Intellectual history. But I'm just not inspired by him, or anything else, lately.

So I am left with the dilemma: Do I tell you about all the things that I worry about (the probable cause for the aforementioned block); or do I press on, spouting the usual mindless fluff that I seem to be so good at passing off as the shit I really think about? I don't know. I don't think I know you well enough to let you in. But then again I don't want you to think I'm a total dough-head.

Most of the time I don't care, but sometimes I do. Knowing my luck, this issue will come out on one of the days when I care what you think and I'll spend a good sleepless night wishing that you didn't think that way about me, who you've probably never met.

Mindless fluff... mindless fluff.... Damn! I can't even think of that! What is wrong with me?

So I will sign off now with no apology for wasting your time. We all go through rough times now and again. No apology required.



What I think...

Seems no-one thought anything during the production of this issue. Guess that's what U of T does to you after a few years.

toronto

small

press

group

TORONTO SMALL PRESS GROUP
SPRING BOOK FAIR 1993
Saturday April 24 10am-5pm
Alumni Hall, Victoria University (U of T)

The Toronto Small Press Group presents the seventh annual Spring Small Press Book Fair at Victoria University's Alumni Hall, on the campus of the University of Toronto, on Saturday April 24, 1993, between 10am & 5pm.

Some 50 small presses from Ontario will be represented, including micro presses specializing in esoteric and experimental literary works, producers of artists' books and ephemera, publishers of "zines" devoted to trash culture and comic book art, along with many purveyors of slightly-off-the-mainstream poetry, fiction, and non-fiction.

The primary purpose of the Small Press Book Fair is to provide a forum and a marketplace for a plethora of serious publishers who are not well-served by even the most sympathetic book sellers, largely because they are deemed to be "unmarketable".

We think this is a particularly vital forum in an era when publishers of original literature are shying away from new books of poetry, first books of fiction, and other works that defy conventional genre.

Contact: Victor Coleman at (416) 599-8657 for further information.

The Problem With Data

by John Anderson

I'm not a big fan of the new Star Trek, but I like the character of Data. He's logical, he does what he's told, and although I'm the opposite, I find him the most tolerable character, probably for those reasons.

I have a few problems with Data, however. The first is that I don't believe humanity to be a goal he should strive for. What makes humanity better than any other standard? And yet his friends tell him that he's "on the road to becoming human", and he's often interested in "being more human".

The second and bigger problem is that I believe that the scriptwriters have made a mistake in creating him: as a conscious being, Data should have emotions. Now, some people have argued that Data is not actually conscious but is a machine in the conventional sense, merely programmed to act intelligent, like a computer is. (I could argue that if he acts conscious, it amounts to the same thing as being conscious.) I agree that if Data is not conscious, then he simply is a computer. BUT, what I want to argue is this: supposing Data IS conscious, it follows that he must have emotion.

Other androids, like Bishop in *Aliens* and the replicants in *Blade Runner*, are actually people, having memories and feelings. It is possible that Decker himself was a replicant. Okay, these androids are more sophisticated than Data; Bishop had guts and some fluid functioning as blood. But the principle is the same. Just

because Data's head is composed of electronic circuitry and not organic matter does not preclude his ability for emotion. Emotion is not a product of being organic, it is a product of sentience. By sentience I mean the ability to perceive things, including oneself, through the senses, and to make decisions based on perception. (Computers are not sentient because they are not aware of themselves as the same system from one moment to the next; they're not even aware of themselves at all. Animals, however, are sentient.)

A counterargument that goes in here postulates the existence of an immaterial soul, without which humans would be mere machines. Well, I can't prove the existence of objects I can't see, and I can't disprove it either. So there is no point in discussing it if we can't prove its existence and functions.

Now, if a being is able to perceive itself and the world and think about its place in the world, it will have feelings about the world. It will develop likes and dislikes, what we call opinions, about things. If it has an opinion, it will have an emotion. Of course this theory is unprovable, but it makes sense to me. This seems to be what Star Trek is exploring with Data; his brother Lor proves that this kind of being is capable of emotion. We also saw in that recent episode with his dream that, more specifically, Data does have the potential for emotion. But why is he taking so long to get it?

Vehicles, Vegetarians & Virtues Continued II

by Odin

In the last issue of the *Herald* (vol. 27 Issue 2), Philip Howard made several misleading statements regarding the feasibility of a vegetarian diet in the modern world. I would like the opportunity to address two main points of contention in his article.

First, the article states that "as a means of sustenance, meat and animal by-products are irreplaceable" and "a pure vegetarian diet is not a reasonable expectation for human populations". If the basis for these quoted statements lies in the current Western economic structure and the roles that the meat and dairy industries play in its maintenance, then Howard has a point. Massive economic changes indeed would be essential in attaining a vegetarian diet on a global scale. A transition to a vegetarian diet would require a long period of time allowing society to adjust culturally and economically. But a gradual refocussing of economic dietary interests is not an unreasonable expectation.

Arguing from a purely nutritional point of view, however, these statements stand on little ground. As a means of sustenance, not only are meat and animal by-products replaceable, but in many cases the alternatives are healthier and more economically desirable. Information supporting this view is found readily in food and nutritional literature and are documented effectively by Peter Singer in *Animal Liberation* and by John Robbins in *Diet for a New America*.

The article in the *Herald* also claims that people are more aware of the environmental threats of the meat industry than those caused by light automobiles. Let's face it: most people in North America have at some point been accosted by the

fumes of an automobile.

Drawing a connection between these toxic fumes and environmental harm does not take a degree in chemical engineering. On the other hand, connecting that hot dog, pot roast, or basket of chicken wings with environmental damage is not as blatant a revelation. Furthermore, I believe that most people interpret vegetarianism as a response to calls for a healthier diet rather than to calls for a healthier planet.

I agree that the current preferred form of transportation, i.e. the gasoline burning automobile, is a scourge to the environment; energy consumption at all levels is of the greatest concern to the environment. It should be noted that the meat and dairy industries consume more than their fair share of energy in North America. Transportation and energy inputs in the raising of livestock are two of the focal points when considering the impacts of a meat-based diet.

There are also many other ways that the meat and dairy industries contribute to environmental degradation. These include the production of methane (a greenhouse gas), and water pollution from the millions of tons of excrement that must be disposed of and the inefficient use of water in animal husbandry; in America, the meat and dairy industries consume more fresh water than do all other industries and domestic utilities. Therefore, raising the issue of the automobile over that of meat consumption on environmental grounds is not warranted. Nevertheless, each of these issues requires a great deal of moral consideration, and neither meat nor cars may be deemed necessary or irreplaceable, nor would asking us to change our attitudes towards them be unreasonable.

Are you a starving student?

The Women's Centre, APUS and the Parent's Co-operative sponsor a

Food bank

Every Tuesday from noon to 10:00 p.m.

(starts September 29th)

located at 49 St. George St. (Women's Centre)

Open to all members of the U. of T. community

Donations

The food bank relies on donations from students, staff and faculty. We especially need canned or dried non-perishable food to make nutritious meals, as well as baby food and diapers.

Drop-off boxes located at: Women's Centre, Roberts, Alumni Relations, Simcoe Hall, the Koffler Centre, Sigmund Samuel, Sidney Smith (ASSU office), Medical Sciences, Graduate Student Union, Northrop Frye, Hart House (SCM office).

Thanks for your support!



More Random Thoughts

"Down Goes Brown"

by D. DiFelice

I've got a question for all you hockey fans out there... "Have you ever imagined what it would be like if you were watching a game on television, and at the time that a fight broke out the television camera panned away from the fight and showed the crowd at the game instead?" Most, if not all, hockey fans would be annoyed. The reason being is that fighting is an inseparable part of hockey.

The idea of censoring hockey fights has never crossed my mind, but it has crossed the minds of the members of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters (C.A.B.). This group recently approved a proposal which would prohibit Canadian television cameras from broadcasting hockey fights. According to a Toronto Star article on the matter, The proposal states that broadcasters are not to highlight or focus on any violence that is not part of a sport's 'sanctioned activity'.

The question then to ask is, "Is fighting a sanctioned activity in hockey?" One only has to look at the history of professional hockey in Canada and how fighting has been dealt with by the NHL to answer this question.

Historically, fighting has always been part of hockey. One can go as far back as the late 1920's and find a skilled hockey player and fighter by the name of Reginald 'Red' Horner who played for the Toronto Maple Leafs. I myself never saw him play, but growing up as a kid playing hockey in Toronto, I can still remember the names of the hockey hero's from the 70's and 80's. Dave Schultz, Bobby Clarke, Jimmy Mann, Clark Gilles, Terry O'Reilly, and my favourite, Dave 'Tiger' Williams along with many others. These players knew how to both play the sport and how to fight.

Today, fighters are still around. The Leafs have Ken Baumgartner and Wendel Clark, the Detroit Red Wings have Bob Probert, the Chicago Blackhawks have Stu

Grimson, the Winnipeg Jets have Tie Domi, the Los Angeles Kings have Marty McSorley, and the list goes on. The reason why these types of players are still around in the NHL is due to the fact the fighting has been and always will be an integral part of the game. In the 70's, The Philadelphia Flyers dominated the NHL with their rough and tough style of hockey. They became known as the 'Broad Street Bullies' and they defeated their opponents with a combination of their hockey and fighting skills.

Today, hockey fights have become less significant than in the past, but this does not necessarily mean that fighting has lost its importance entirely. Nowadays, one fight may turn around the entire momentum of a hockey game. An example of this was seen this season when the Maple Leafs played the Detroit Red Wings. The game was slow paced until Wendel Clark of the Leafs fought and defeated Detroit's 'tough guy' Bob Probert. Clark's victory grabbed the attention of not only the crowd at Maple Leaf Gardens, but of the rest of his teammates, who, following the melee, played a more aggressive style of hockey which, in the end, resulted in a victory for the Leafs.

Historically, fighting in Canadian professional hockey has always been important. What is also significant is to note is how fighting has been dealt with by the NHL. Hockey is one of the only sports that acknowledges fighting as an integral part of the game. All one has to do recognize this is to simply view how the NHL has dealt with fights. In the NHL, a player is not ejected from a game for fighting unless he is either an instigator of a fight or if he is the third man involved in a fight. If two players agree to drop their gloves during a game and fight, they will most likely be penalized for five minutes and then be able to continue playing after serving their time. By not ejecting any player

who becomes involved in a fight, the NHL is indirectly stating that fighting is a 'sanctioned activity' of the sport. If this is true, the proposal made by the C.A.B. would have no effect on the sport of hockey. Unfortunately, I don't think the C.A.B. sees it my way. Perhaps if the C.A.B. spent more time watching hockey instead of censoring it they would understand what I am saying.

What will be the results if the C.A.B.'s proposal is approved and enforced? First of all, Don Cherry's 'Rock 'em and Sock 'em' tapes along with the movie Slapshot will probably be taken off the shelves of video stores across Canada. Secondly, Sportsline, on Global, will no longer have any good 'Hebzee's (bloopers)' to show. Looking at the big picture, the C.A.B.'s proposal would hurt the NHL and their fans most of all.

If hockey fans are deprived of seeing an important aspect of the game, many of them will slowly tune out from the sport. They will stop watching and following hockey altogether or they may view games broadcasted in the USA or listen to broadcasts on the radio. If fans of hockey are lost as a result of the C.A.B.'s proposal, the NHL, along with it's new commissioner, Gary Baettman, will have a difficult future. The NHL may soon find itself facing its most difficult obstacle at a time when the NHL is attempting to broaden its viewer base.

This potential problem could be totally avoided if the NHL decides to ban fighting altogether. If this happens, the number of fighting incidents will drop dramatically and fighting will become nonexistent. On the other hand, if fighting is banned by the NHL, the number of 'stick' related infractions and 'cheap shot' incidents will increase. The 'all-star players' of the

NHL will become open targets for rougher play because they will no longer be able to depend on the protection of a fighter on their team. This in turn may result in 'all-stars' suffering from more injuries. In the end, ticket sales at stadiums throughout the league, would suffer due to the absence of these 'all-stars' from games. No matter which way you cut it, the proposal by the C.A.B. is ludicrous. As fans of hockey, we must all put pressure on the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) to reject the proposal of the C.A.B.. Not only should hockey fans write and voice their opinions to the chairman of the CRTC, Keith Spicer, but all viewers of television should. If the CRTC begins to censor hockey fights what will be next? If the censoring of hockey fights has to do with the impact they have on children, then it should be up to the parents of those children to censor what their children view on the television set.. What I don't understand from the C.A.B.'s proposal is why hockey, our nations most popular sport, has been singled out for censorship. Shouldn't, if anything, the more violent movies on television be censored before hockey?

It will be interesting to see how the CRTC rules on the proposal of the C.A.B.. The future of hockey is at stake. If the proposal of the C.A.B. is supported by the CRTC, some of hockey's most memorable moments will be lost. My most memorable moment this year occurred when Sylvian Lefebvre of the Leafs fought and knocked out Rob Brown of the Chicago Blackhawks. If the C.A.B.'s proposal was practised at the time I never would have heard the immortal words of play-by-play commentator Joe Brown when he said, "DOWN GOES BROWN!... LIKE HE WAS SHOT!"



Linguistik Korner

by John Anderson

This article will address that pressing problem worrying all Innisites: the pronunciation of **Celt** and **Celtic**. Now, I don't want to tell anyone how she should speak, unlike some people. You know the type: they tell you that a double negative is wrong, that you should say to **whom** instead of **who** to, that you should pronounce the **t** in **often**. That attitude, called prescriptivism, is completely absurd. It is similar to saying that the sun goes around the earth, ignoring all observational evidence. If something is natural for a native speaker to say, how can it be wrong? People say what's natural; that's how languages change. It's that simple. Remember, I'm talking about grammar, not about business English, sexist language, any of that stuff. So anyway, after that aside, I have to make some things clear. When

I use these brackets <> I am referring to **letters** (i.e. spelling), and when I use these brackets // I am referring to **sound**.

I cannot tell you that either way is the right way to say **Celt**, but I say /selt/, because I think it minimizes confusion and inconsistency. So why is it usually pronounced /kelt/ instead of /selt/? The tradition of this pronunciation (and, of course, all pronunciation is nothing more than tradition) dates from the 1800's when the English were very interested in Irish culture and myths. They assumed that because the letter <c> was always pronounced as /k/ in Gaelic, the word **Celtic** should be pronounced with a hard <c>. I guess that they didn't know that the word is not derived from Gaelic, but from the Latin **Celtae**, which is derived from the Classical

Greek **Keltai**. Now in Latin, the letter <c> probably always stood for the sound /k/, but in all English words (except **Celt**), no matter what they are derived from (Latin, Ancient Greek, whatever), the sound /s/ is often represented with <c> before <i> or <e>. So we have words such as **science, cyst, citation, ceramic, nice, proboscis**, etc. The reason for this is pretty complicated, but briefly, this convention was borrowed from French, so when French and Latin words were subsequently borrowed, any occurrences of <c> before <i> or <e> were pronounced /s/. In other words, the English pronunciation followed the French pronunciation. This convention is now completely Englishified.

Now we reach the real point of my article: spelling! This sort of confusion over the two very different sounds /s/ and /k/ is the result of spelling. Spelling should be a representation of pronunciation, not the other way around. Language is primarily

spoken, after all. Spelling should not indicate a pronunciation of four hundred years ago, which is what the English spelling system does. And there is a tendency to pronounce words according to how they are spelled, like **often**. The other pronunciation of **proboscis** is due to this. In most languages, speakers pronounce words according to how they hear them. Of course, most languages don't have writing systems. Although the English system isn't totally chaotic, it's a mistake to base your pronunciation on spelling. For example, there are six vowel letters, but how many contrastive vowel sounds are there in Canadian English? Thirteen.

Having said all that, I follow the spelling and say /selt/. That way at least one thing about spelling is consistent. With English spelling in the state it's in, I think it makes sense to minimize confusion and inconsistency. Am I a hypocrite? So what, we all are.

Direct to the banks - Kellogg Canada Inc.

by Glen Fujino

I guess I'm about the shrewdness kinda guy out there - not exactly padding myself with a compliment, eh? Dealing with the number of companies that I have had to in my many capacities, either as an outsider or insider, I have developed a contempt for the ethics and honesty of most. With our eyes filled with muck and shoes soaking in a swamp of garbage, it is so easy to get lost in a pile of corporate shit, where reality is only a marketing tool and common sense is nothing more than a type of cereal.

When I had originally called Kellogg Canada, my mission was to try to get donations to us lowly university students. From my view, I considered the donation of corporate companies as nothing more than pocket change - an advertising campaign in itself. Refusal after refusal and company after company, I slowly realized that it ain't that easy to get donations. Furiously, I slowly started to bake myself. Don't they realize how bad a state the funding of our education system is in? Don't they realize that we need all the help we can get? Their donations today could cultivate us into loyal customers down the road. Are they all heartless corporate entities, running employees beyond human compassion?

The conversation I had with Ms. Marianne Phillips was like no other conversation I have ever had with any corporate slave. (Perhaps because she is not one?) She stated quite clearly from the start of the conversation that Kellogg Canada Inc. did not donate products for events anymore. I was getting ready for the big long argument which would end up with me politely agreeing with her, but this was not to happen. Instead she said something that kinda threw me off balance. I had no choice but to agree whole-heartedly.

Kellogg Canada Inc. does not donate to such events like the particular event I was trying to support because any food products that they do donate go directly to food banks. That was thier policy, she had said. It's a very good policy, I had told her. In my terrible middle class view of the world, I had completely forgotten that there were people who were in a much more precarious predicament than most of us can even imagine. The mere act of actually having a chance to attend university suggests that we feel we have the time to spend here - which suggests that we are eating something sometime.

I wrote this piece to show my highest regard for Ms. Marianne Phillips for being clear, precise and honest. I would also like to honour Kellogg Canada Inc. for their policy of directing their food donations to food banks and thank both for reminding me how well off I really am.

Thank-you!

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Fiction and Poetry

I Saw A Gory Murder Lyn' To The Sheriff

by Fifi Duval

I wish we never had t'get old. My Ma's still as beautiful as a li'l goddess, with her high exotic cheekbones, soft black eyes, long legs an' short waist. Pa said she reminded him of "Jean Tierney" or somethin' when they first met. Pa's gettin' old, too. His hair an' beard are much grayer an' e' belly keeps spreadin'. Still an' all, my parents're both very easy on th' eyes. So're my bro' an' I, I guess. Hair has dark hair an' green eyes. Who knows where he got those (Ma claims from 'er Gran'per). I have long, shiny dark hair an' eyes. My bro' an' I look as if we always got a dark tan, which we got from Ma. Aside from that we look normal, not too short or tall or let or skinny, which was nice in high school when y'don' wanna stand out, but we did anyway, since we were shit-disturbers. And we still are. We seem t'be chronically in the wrong place at the wrong time, if'n y'get m'drift. Like t'night. I knew Ma 'n' Pa'd be sleepin' in their chambers 'cause I could see no light spillin' onto th' water from upstairs as we poled up in th' flatboat. We had t'be quiet if we wanted t'dock th' - Pa's an unnaturally light sleeper, an' we didn' wanna have a run-in w'neither o' my parents, seein' as we were so shook up an' all. Leeza steered us off toward the boathouse, prob'ly takin' this int' account. It was three lots over - we own a lotta land (Pa's family always did an' he inherited). A screech owl called. They don't hoot...they sound like nails on a chalkboard. We all clenched our teeth. I actually heard Ben's jaw grind. My mouth felt fulla cotton an' I hiccupped. We all broke into nervous giggles.

In the junky boathouse, Leez pulled on the string that hung from the naked bulb. Ma calls 'erself "th' Queen o' Junk". We side-stepped tabletops, an old stag's head an' th' cuckoo clock. The movin' bulb created grotesque shadows. Ben just stood there on th' landing with the bait bucket in his hand, the severed head still inside it. I said, "Ben, put th' bait bucket in th' cooler," 'cause that way I thought it'd stay fresh an' not stink, I guess. Now, that seems plenty ridiculous, but then Ben looked relieved. We have an actual deepreezer, like an icebox, in th' boathouse which we keep filled with chum 'n' bait lo' fishin'. Th' lid opens up, not out. It's horizontal. Ben leaned in an' stuck it down in there w'th frozen fishes. Feelin' kinder shaky, we all four o' us plunked down on th' planks an' dangled our bare feet in th' black water.



Li'l sunfish came t'the top t'see if'n we'd chum the water. They nibbled our toes then disappeared when they realized it weren't for th'comin'. Finally, Leeza said, "I vote we don't tell th' cops." There were many reasons why she prob'ly said that. Ben an' Leeza's Paw supposedly farmed crawfish (we called 'em the "mudbuggers" sometimes, jes' toolin') but really he bred alligators illegally in cages an' sold 'em. I ain't in th' positon t'talk since my Pa's growin' pot in that barn out back for "medicinal purposes". Bet he sells it t'his buddies, tho'. Me, well, at that point I was purty damned rattled. Down here in Louisiana, an' in th' South generally, it's kinda like th' Wild west. Pa tells us don't pull a gun, 'less you're prepared t'use it. Everybody has guns. Lotta people that I knew from highschool got shot. Some shot each other, some shot 'emselves, and some...somejus' got shot an' no one knows how or why. I'm sick of it. I'm good w'a gun but wish I didn' have t'be, y'know? An' N'Awlins is just twenty minutes away, full of enough gangsters t'choke a chicken. We could end up dead lo' squealin. As a matter o' fact, I think our own Sheriff's dirty. I realized Ben's plan of deliverin' th' severed head to the Law was not as simple as t' sounded. Pa tells us not t'trust th' Sheriff 'cause he was "not honourable". Pa says the Man was "after" Ma a few years ago. He won't elaborate.

Gen'rally, th' lawmen 'round here're a runnin' joke: they's always runnin' 'round like chickens w'thier heads cut off, but they're not as useful. Pa always adds "they ain't as tasty". We's polite t' th' police 'cause my parents like it that way. But we don't respect 'em. I thought maybe the Sheriff'd know more about th'killin' than we'd suspect, jus' 'cause maybe he was tol' that this parish should look t'other way if'n a murder happened...y'know? Maybe the blonde guy who chopped up the ugly guy knew fat ol' Sheriff Branscum's crookeder than a hog's tail! An where's that leave us? So we decided not t'tell. Hair brought up somethin' int'restin': "Member that guy I rescued when he got bit by that Water Moc? Member him? He went t'St. Pascal's, that all-boy's school? Yeah, Al Castiglione. Member how Fat-scum busted me lo' drivin' Al t' town w/out a license even tho' he was sick an' needed a doctor an' the ambulances take lo'ever t'get out here? Fuckin' asshole Branscum...Well, his Pa owns a couple clubs, an' I think now that Al's older he owns some too..." What Hair was gettin' at was askin' Al about th' murder 'cause Al knows all 'bout organized crime. He's in it. But he's a real nice guy, though. We drove in t'see him at his bar th'next day. I dressed up. Al is gorgeous. Hair found him adrift in the swamp a few years ago, bit by a poisonous snake, an' drove him int' town even tho' he was too young t' drive an' no one else was around. It was Hair's only option, it y'ask me. When Branscum found out it was Al, he dropped th' charges though.

Speakin' o' our industrious Sheriff, we found out he'd been visitin' when we got back from town. Y'shoulda seen our faces when we pulled up in the Barracuda, right behind his patrol car. We decided to be cool. Ma said Branscum was in th' boathouse waitin' lo' Pa t'get back from fishin'. That seemed normal, 'cause f'some reason th' Sheriff don't like bein' alone w'Ma. I devoutly believe's 'cause he's 'fraid o' Pa. Anyhow, th'four o' us ran in our city shoes all th' way t'the boathouse. He was sittin' on a bench, with a tishin' rod extended over th'water, now startin' t'reel it in. "Shee-it!" he swore. A sunfish'd stolen his bait. Ben took the rod an' walked over t'the bait cooler to put another worm on th'Man's hook so the Sheriff wouldn't hafta go into the treezer again and risk discoverin' our dismembered friend. Ben casted the Sheriff's line far out int' th'water fo'im, just t'be nice. The Sheriff thanked him, and commented that it was a good cast; he could already feel somethin' pullin' on his line...he really hadn't found the head in th'icebox! An' it's a good thing, too, 'cause Al tol' us not t'flap our jaws in front of Branscum - Branscum was in on th' murder, man!

We weren't about to let it go at that, though. No fuckin' way. Even if we had t'play Nancy Drew, we all decided we'd find exactly how that bastard was involved. We'd decided that as we were drivin' home in the 'Cuda, across th' bridge over Lake Ponchartrain. 50's music was blatin' on th'AM radio, an' th'fresh saltwater smell was mixin' with the sweet blackwater scent. We had all th' windows down. I was drivin', an' these cops came up behind me, made me pull over, and searched my dad's goddamn car! As we pulled away, I said, "Now that school's over guys, we can concentrate on th'murder." Leez said "You wanna kill th' Sheriff?" It was a good one, so we all laughed. But they knew what I meant. After talkin' t'Al in N.O., I made a date with him. He was gorgeous, all rosy cheeks, black hair 'n' stubble...an' I was hopin' that aside from enjoyin' myself, I'd get 'im t'tell me more about th'murder our gang had witnessed. He knew more than he'd admitted t'us that afternoon. Well, we had a whole summer t'concentrate on whodunnit an' why.

See ya in September! Love, Fifi.

An ol' bull and the Sheriff - Sep'rated at birth?

by Jon Hunter

God, Heaven, Hell, etc.

by Jeanne Body

It has been nearly 2000 years
Since Christ
And here we are now
Christ has become a god in himself
His mother prayed to
Hell (those old scare tactics) is somewhere in
the middle of the earth
Heaven floating somewhere up above

Let us begin
Christ was a MAN, oh no ordinary man
But never a god

And don't forget: when you're
Bargaining with God
Praying for this, begging for that
You are doing the same things heathens
Have done since humans have existed
You've just stamped monotheism on it.

Christ, who was so far evolved spiritually for his
Time that he seemed like a god
Tried to show us that God, the creative force,
The beginning and the end, energy which can be
Anywhere at any time, so that our concept of
Linear time does not exist,
Energy neither + or - but both,
Which is nothing (0) but everything
And binds all living matter together,
Which is not MALE or FEMALE,
Having no physical body, hence no gender

IS IN EVERYONE, IN SPIRIT FORM

Don't sicken me with your cute slogans
"Smile! God loves you."
God does not love in a parental or romantic sense:
WE DO!
God goes beyond love, it is greater
Yet the love on earth is the closest we can get
To achieving that.

Hell we have created
Heaven we have created
All are figments of the imagination, some kind of
simplistic order out of the chaos of the questions:
what is after death, etc. These figments have been
pounded into us for so many millennia, we have been
force-fed as children, organized religions have used
them for their tools of blackmail.
If you're good, go to church, give money: heaven
If you're bad, commit sins (there are 1000's): hell
How much simpler could it be made for the ignorant masses?



The Past

by Jeanne Body

Let's take a walk
Down memory lane
And drift into our minds
Let's all sit down together
And be vegetables
Let's each reminisce
On the past

I'm so fucking sick and tired of reminiscing,
remembering, contemplating the past, which is dead
and gone and nothing but old photographs or movies
that start to fade and grow older and older as each
year passes and you wonder why we always sit down to
have a good time and end up mulling over the past,
you know it's because we don't go out and have fun
and adventures and excitement and create new, good
times, create new, fresh memories and yes i know
that's almost impossible because St. Thomas is so
boring and there's nothing to do but sit around and
remember the good ol' times

SO.....

Therefore,
We have died.



Contemplation While Running For Soup At 12:30 am

by Ash

the store fronts are caked
flaking off
we need tending to
I breathe in exhaust
and like
the taste
where did I go wrong
or did I at all
am I here in this plastic cage
or is it a five second glimpse
through my eyelids
where I lie on a beach
under a bright blue sky
I think of fish sometimes
and you don't even notice
how unfair it is
I go into the store
and buy a dusty can of soup
and I think I'm better than this
we are all better than this

Thumbing

By Paul Mezo

I guess about seven months ago I was very far from here, having a really weird experience. It's starting to fade in my memory now, so I guess I'll type it out for you. Maybe you'll think it's fun to read.

Sometime in the middle of August last year I decided to hitchhike from Tübingen, Germany to Budapest, Hungary. Tübingen is not far from Stuttgart. The distance to be travelled was 800 km. I was determined to do it in one day.

To this end I woke up at 7:00 AM, drank some tea, bought a sandwich for lunch, and started hitching by 8:00 AM. Irish people call it "thumbing", but they pronounce the word "tumbling". You must admit, that's kind of funny. I was thinking to myself, "Here I am - tumbling."

I had already been waiting 45 minutes when my first ride came along. It was to Stuttgart. The driver was a young guy in a suit. He was on his way to Berlin for some meeting. He spent his time doing political analysis based on public surveys. He was still a student so it was more of a work project. He had studied at Oxford and could speak terrific English, but we spoke German, because that's what we started with. We talked about Americans. He said Americans were really fake and over-friendly. He said once he had taken some Americans out to lunch and after the meal they said, "That's the most fantastic meal we've ever had!" I had to laugh at the way he emulated the American accent. Before I got out of his car I said, "That's the most fantastic ride I have ever had!" He laughed and said in English, "You Canadians are just like Americans, aren't you?" As I saw the car pull away, I thought of how easy it would have been to go to Berlin. Too bad I was headed east.

I ended up hitching at the service station at the autobahn crossing on the way to Munich. It was hot as hell. I had been hitching (tumbling--ha ha!) for about half an hour, getting more and more dehydrated (Fuck! I knew I should have brought more water), when this greasy-looking guy with dark hair, a sparse moustache and a green muscle shirt came up to me and started talking German in a heavy foreign accent. He asked me a lot of questions: "How long have you been waiting? What do you do? How much money does the average German earn?". I was getting a headache and I really wanted him to piss off so I could go on hitching in peace. It's much harder to get a ride when you're not alone. It turned out that his friend and he were from Poland. They were desperate fuckers looking for work in Germany. They basically had no place to go. They were just hitching aimlessly, trying to find a job that would never materialize. I felt sorry for them, but I really didn't feel like being super-friendly or anything. I kept thinking, "Why don't you just get lost?". Finally he got the message and left.

Half an hour later a guy in his twenties picked me up in a white van. He thought he was an authority on hitching and gave me tips on all sorts of things that were self-evident. One of the things he said was that it was easier to get a ride if you didn't have long hair. People who think they're authorities on things tend to be quite boring. He dropped me off at another autobahn station halfway to Munich. That's where I ate my sandwich and bought an expensive bottle of water. After smoking a cigarette, I headed out to the exit ramp to turn on. I was very confident of a quick ride, as I had often hitched at that particular station. Sure enough, the second car to pass me by pulled over. Two women were in the car. It's pretty rare to get a ride from two women so I thought that they had pulled over to check something in their car. After they honked my face lit up and got into their Alfa Romeo. They were on their way to Italy. The driver was an older Italian woman. She was wearing a black dress. The dress really caught my attention and I found myself really attracted to her despite her age. The other woman was in her twenties and had an octopus tattooed on her foot. That freaked me out

a bit for some reason. It gave me visions of the godfather. Oh well. There was also a dog in the back seat with me. The poor bugger was dying from heat exhaustion. He had a real Italian name - something like Piccolo. After smoking a cigarette with them, we found ourselves in a full blown traffic jam.

Traffic jams on the autobahn are horrible. They are kind of neat at the same time, too. Everyone gets out of the car to check what's going on. It was fun to sit in the middle of a freeway with cars sometimes whizzing by at speeds of over 200 km/h. I could imagine myself getting hit by one of those cars (presumably a Mercedes) and becoming a red smear on the road. After some time, we decided to drive through the field on the right side of the autobahn in order to get onto a sidestreet. We actually managed this, but it turned out to be a worthless idea, because we got lost trying to get on the autobahn later on.

It was getting late in the day and I was becoming increasingly frustrated. If only it wasn't so bloody hot. Anyhow, we arrived in Munich sometime around 3:00 PM. I thanked them for the lift and took the subway to the next hitching spot. I drank some more water, smoked another

cigarette and felt much better. It was about that time that I got one of those feelings that I only get when I hitch. It's a feeling of freedom, a feeling of anything goes. No one knows who I am or where I'm going and life is beautiful. Infinity...

After 20 minutes of trying to get a ride, all those feelings were replaced by concern. It's hard to hitch east of Munich. Luckily a small red car picked me up. There were three women in it. Two sweet older women were sitting in the front. I was sitting in the back with a woman who was about my age. She studied biology and was doing experiments on bats. She asked me if I was from eastern Germany. I laughed and said, "Nein. Ich bin Kanadier." She said she couldn't recognize the accent so she thought I was probably from some part of Germany she had never been to before. They weren't driving very far so they dropped me off at the next rest station. The sun was clearly on its way down by then. I didn't want to hitch at night. Little did I know who was waiting for me at this rest station. It was the German incarnation of Elvis.

This guy was the weirdest fucker. He was wearing a tapered corduroy suit. The pants were blue and bellbottomed. His shirt had collars that belonged to the decade of my childhood. I thought the corduroy vest was a bit much, but then again,

bundles he had with him. They were made out of the was wearing a ten gallon Texan cowboy hat. He also had a tall wooden walking stick - something Gandalf would have. He was definitely under thirty. It was a surreal sight. Oh! I forgot to mention the cloth and strung together with rope, just like something a hobo during the depression might have had. At any rate he offered me a cigarette. I was a tad paranoid so I declined and decided not to engage in any discourse with this interesting oddball. People would drive by and honk their horns laughing at him. I selfishly resented him for alienating us from the cars. After about half an hour or so he picked up and left. He just walked off into the sunset. It still seems surreal to me, even now.

A few minutes later another marginal character arrived on the scene. This guy was in his mid-twenties. He had shaved all the hair from his head, was wearing khaki army pants with a large tear by his buttocks, and had a backpack with only one strap remaining. It turned out he was British. That became obvious for three reasons. Firstly, he had a very strong working-class British accent. The first thing he asked me was, "How fah ah we from the boe-dah?"

"The boe-dah?" I asked.

The second thing that made it obvious was the fresh tattoo that was scabbing up on his forearm. It read, "England". His third British quirk was the condition of his teeth. Now, you may not agree with me, but I find that many (most?) British people have crummy teeth. This fellow was certainly no exception, as his set of teeth was both incomplete and skewed. After chatting a while, he made it clear that he was on his way to "Yugoslavia" to "do a bit of fighting". That made me tense. We didn't talk all that much because soon we got picked up by a jovial intellectual Bavarian.

The Bavarian was from the Rosenheim area and extolled the wonders that could be found there. I didn't believe that Rosenheim could be all that exciting, but I was more than willing to keep on listening to him lest the freedom fighter in the back should strike up a conversation about his dreams of getting some action in Sarajevo. Luckily, our mercenary companion could not speak German.

We were dropped off at a service station really close to the Austrian border. We didn't have to wait all that long before we were picked up again. The German guy who picked us up had a reasonably nice sports car and a pretty thick moustache. I forget exactly what he did for a living, but he was on his way to do some business in Slovenia. I told this to the British guy immediately. He was very happy to be arriving so close to his ultimate destination on the same day. I wasn't sure at this point what I should do. The driver suggested I travel along all the way to Slovenia, since Hungary was only 60 km away from where he was going. I asked him whether there was a train running between Slovenia and Hungary. He said, "Nein, nicht mehr." Then I thought to myself, "60 km is a long way to walk". It seemed like a foolish idea to rely on Slovenia's transportation system so I asked the driver to let me out after we crossed the border.

Shortly thereafter I found myself sitting on a curb between parked cars. The sun had already set and I was nervously fingering a cigarette. There was good reason to be nervous. Austrians are not half as fond of hitch-hikers as Germans are. Tumbling in the evening is also far more difficult. There was, however, only one game to play in town - hitching onward.

Surprisingly, a car pulled up in front of me and the driver asked me where I was off to. I told him I was on my way to Vienna. He said he could take me more than two-thirds of the way there. Now, as a rule one should never accept a ride in Austria unless it takes you exactly to where you want to arrive. Otherwise one runs a huge risk of getting stranded in Linz or some godforsaken service station. I was so relieved at this easy ride though, that I suppressed common

Continued on next page...

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Car Fax Machines

By Jeanne Body

Car fax machines.
 Whatever happened to the good ol' Model T
 "You can have any colour you want
 So long as it's black."

Car fax machines.
 Technology rules my life -
 With my cellular phone
 My trusty desk fax machine
 The twenty-billion dollar home computer
 My portable lap-top
 My V.C.R., microwave, compact disc player
 More and more and more
 As billions live their lives
 Scrounging around, looking for food.

Car fax machines.
 I'm happy and well-off and making more every year
 You should see our shoe collection, wifey and me
 We've got all the latest designers
 Two thousand shoes in patent, leather and suede
 Silk, satin and velvet
 As children slice open their feet
 On broken bottles and windows.

Car fax machines.
 I can't live without them!
 What would I do if
 I had something really important to say
 And I couldn't wait. NO!
 I couldn't wait until I could see you
 I'd have to fax you or give you a ring
 As I commute back home.
 Home Sweet Home in Suburbia.
 Trimmed hedges and fat children, fat dogs and fat cats
 Blue sky and balloons and the sunny sun

Oh God what a haven from my hectic working day.
 Let me unwind with a cool brew
 As I wait for supper, watching my V.C.R.
 Faxing to the Japanese businessmen
 Calling up a dozen friends
 Making a date with that girl on the sly
 Kissing my wife, "How was your day?"
 Feeding the cats and the dogs and the rats....

RATS?!
 There are NO rats here--
 No rats except us contestants
 in the rat race against
 Time and old age homes
 All alone,
 Drooling on myself
 Waiting every day for the end...

Car fax machines.
 What happened to me?

.....

Thumbing Continued...

sense and took the ride. The gentleman driving the car was a fashion salesman. He worked in Vienna, but was from the Ruhr area of Germany - a fact his dialect readily revealed. He told me interesting stories. He had, for a time, sold fashion items on the Caribbean island of Martinique. He told me that although it sounded like there was nothing there, it was in fact a playground for the wealthy, especially for the French and wealthy. He also pointed out that the further east one sold fashion articles in Europe, the more time the customer took to actually buy anything. He told me this with agitation in his voice. It must annoy him to no end to have to wait for his customers to make up their minds and stop wasting his time. During the length of our conversation my little voice of reason, which I had suppressed so easily at the border, was speaking louder and louder. It was saying, "What are you going to do when he drops you off at the next service station?"

When we arrived at the designated service station it was about 10:30 PM and pitch-black

outside. He said goodbye and I was left alone to deal with my nasty voice of reason which was now screaming as loud as it could. I knew what I had to do. I had to go up to cars and actually ask people if they could take me along. I can at times be irrationally shy though, so I decided to go to the washroom instead. After that I smoked a cigarette. There were three guys in the lobby of the gas station talking Hungarian. I knew what I was supposed to do. I was supposed to go up to them and politely ask them in Hungarian if they could take me with them. What did I actually do, you might ask? I ate a chocolate bar and watched them leave. Once I realized that it was getting cold I decided to actually try hitchhiking the conventional way. There was a street lamp at the service station exit, so I stood under it with my makeshift "WIEN" sign and hoped for the best. I felt very alone. I felt so alone that it was hard to think of a time I felt more alone. It wasn't a good feeling. Some fucking pricks drove by me yelling "Budapest!" in an Austrian accent then pulled away laughing. I guess they assumed that I was Hungarian

because I was hitchhiking and didn't have a car of my own. Depression was messing up my outlook on things. I was preparing myself to sleep there.

A few minutes after the nasty Austrians yelled at me, a big truck pulled over. The driver told me to get in. Sitting in a truck is a great experience. You feel you could crush anything else on the highway. That's probably true, too. Anyway, the driver was this short Austrian guy with sort of unhealthy-looking eyes. Sometimes when people have been smoking for a long time their eyes become watery, yellow and mildly bloodshot all the time. He was really nice. He offered me cigarettes and played some goofy Austrian music on his stereo. Why is it that continental European pop music is so downright silly? Just think of bands like Falco, ABBA, Nena, Aha, etc.

It turned out that he was a workaholic. He drove the truck all the time and told me that he couldn't stay at home for any more than three days without getting the urge to get back on the road. He was married, too, but his wife must have a man on the side with a husband

who's at home as seldom as he is. He was kind enough to buy me a coffee before we arrived in Vienna. It was around midnight.

I was so relieved to arrive in Vienna! Vienna is such a cool city. Aside from that I knew I could just sit on a train to Budapest and fall into a deep and beautiful slumber.

A Bahnhofsviertel is a seedy neighbourhood surrounding a train station in a large German or Austrian city. The one in Vienna is particularly interesting. The prostitutes dress really wild. A lot of them had on all these crazy, colourful, psychedelic outfits on. Some of them were wearing nothing more than bathing suits. My libido was begging me, "PLEASE, Paul. I know it's bad and you don't have any money, but just LOOK! This could be YOURS, etc."

Well, that's where my story should end because after I arrived at the station, I slept on the floor for four hours and got on a train and fell asleep again.

Travel is good.



The Back Page

The *Herald* Staff Says Bye-Bye

See You Next Year



by Ash

